WILDFLOWER SCANS

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SUMIKKO NO SORA-SAN

volume 2 chapter 12

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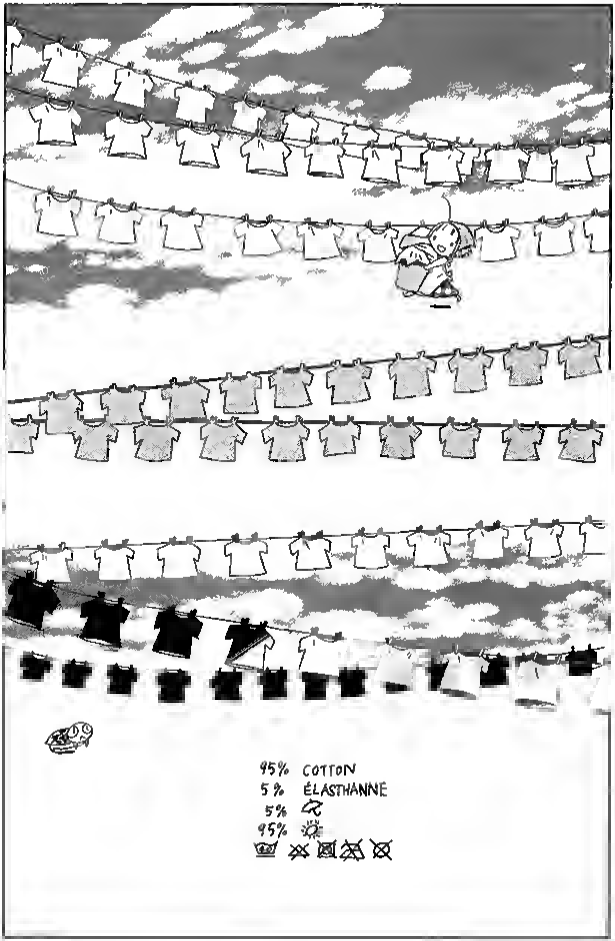


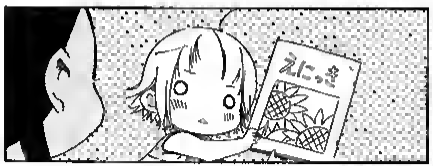
CHAPTER ⑫ MEMORIES

Sora!
YOU STILL HAVEN'T FINISHED YOUR HOME-WORK?
HURRY UP, WE'RE GOING TO THE POOL!
HOLD ON, ALICE -SAN!
YOU SAY THAT, BUT HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO WAIT?!
BE...
BE RIGHT THERE!

PLATO'S GOING FROM BEING A TORTOISE TO BEING A SEA TURTLE...
SERIOUSLY, I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING.
SINCE YESTERDAY, I'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO WATCH BY THE POOL-SIDE... BUT WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT FIN...
THAT'S RIGHT.
PLATO... YOU BECAME A SEA TURTLE?!
SPLASH!
...TODAY, I'M SURFING PLATO!
Ah

ding...
A BUTTER-FLY'S DREAM.
GEEZ, ARE YOU DONE YET?
SORA -SAAAAN!

SORA-SAN IS CURRENTLY FACING THE BIGGEST CHALLENGE OF HER LIFE
JUST WHAT KIND OF HOME-WORK ARE YOU DOING ANY-WAY?
FLOP!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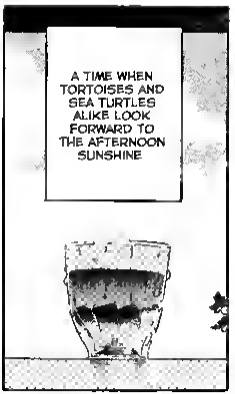
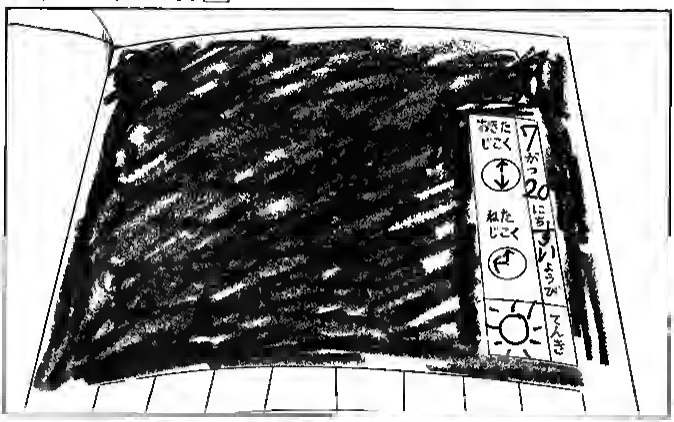

A TIME WHEN TORTOISES AND SEA TURTLES ALIKE LOOK FORWARD TO THE AFTERNOON SUNSHINE

EVER SINCE SUMMER VACATION STARTED, SOCRATES-SENSEI HAS BEEN GOING TO THE SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL WITH ALICE-SAN EVERY DAY
WHAT'S SO CHALLENGING ABOUT THAT...?
PLATO, WHO CAN'T SWIM, JUST SITS BY THE POOLSIDE THE WHOLE TIME. NATURALLY, THERE'S NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT PLATO THINKS.
YOU REALLY HAVE NOTHING TO WRITE IN THERE?
THAT'S WHAT PLATO SUGGESTS.
DON'T GO TO THE POOL TODAY. TAKE AN AFTERNOON NAP WITH PLATO, THEN YOU WILL HAVE SOMETHING NEW TO WRITE ABOUT!
SINCE EVERY DAY IS THE SAME, OF COURSE YOU CAN'T WRITE ANYTHING.
THAT'S RIGHT, EVERY SINGLE DAY..
I was troubled over that
...ON THESE THIN PAGES THAT ARE IN BETWEEN THE PAGES OF THE DIARY
I'M WONDERING HOW YOU COULD WRITE ANYTHING...
.....
THAT'S NOT IT.

OOOH!
OPENS
WHEN YOU CLOSE IT?
YOU'RE SILLY THOSE AREN'T PAGES. THOSE ARE TO PREVENT THE CRAYON FROM SMUDGING ONTO THE OTHER PAGES WHEN YOU CLOSE THE DIARY
^SFX: SHUTS
?
NOW I JUST NEED TO FILL IN YESTERDAY'S DIARY ENTRY.
THANK YOU ALICE-SAN! IT'S A NEW DISCOVERY!
EH?
SORA -SAN...
WHAT IS *THAT?*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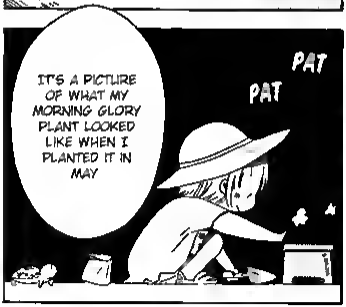
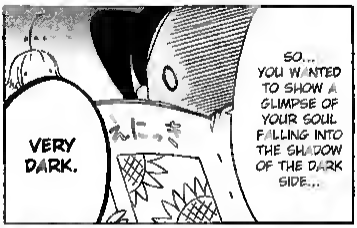
SORA-SAN

It's all brown
AHH... THAT DAY WAS...


IT'S A PICTURE OF WHAT MY MORNING GLORY PLANT LOOKED LIKE WHEN I PLANTED IT IN MAY
PAT
PAT

AH, YESTERDAY! THAT'S IT!
THERE WAS A FIREWORKS DISPLAY BY THE WATER! SORA-SAN WENT TOO, RIGHT?!
FLIP FLIP
THEN..., THEN WHAT ABOUT THIS NEXT PAGE?!
It's grown a lot since then.
AHH, THIS PICTURE IS...
...FROM WHEN I OPENED MY EYES UNDER-WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME I WAS VERY TOUCHED BY IT.
It's all BLUE!
11


SO... YOU WANTED TO SHOW A GLIMPSE OF YOUR SOUL FALLING INTO THE SHADOW OF THE DARK SIDE...
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VERY DARK.

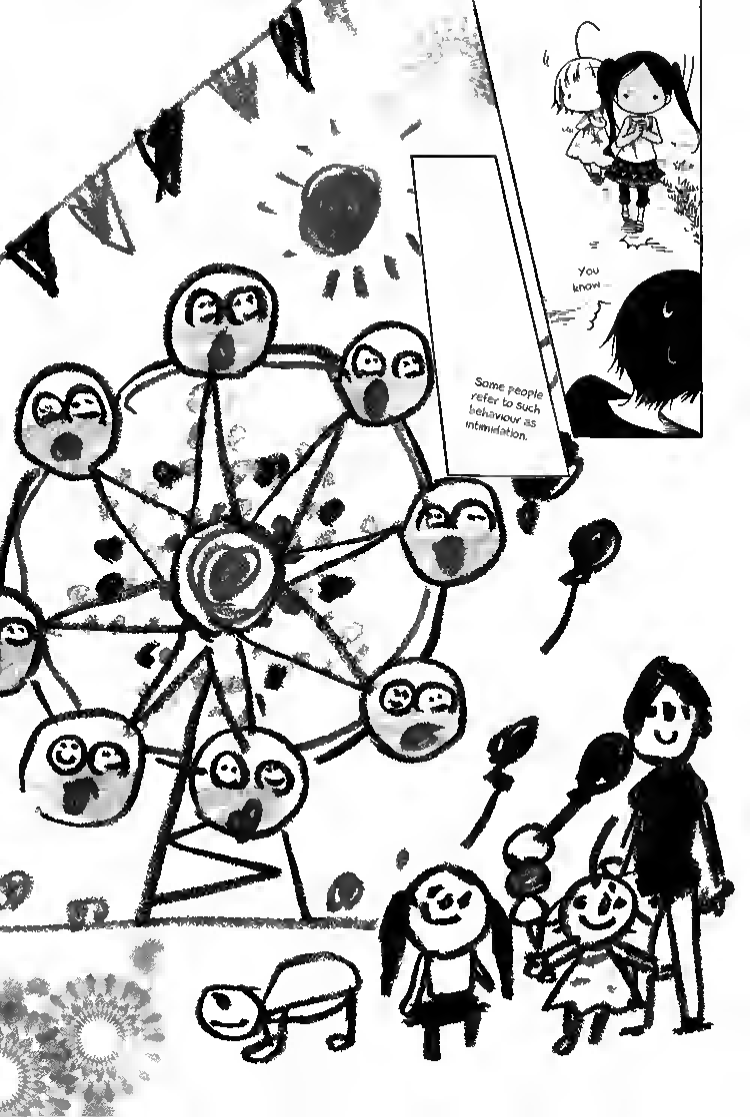
GRANDPA WASN'T HOME THAT DAY, SO I WAS HOUSE-SITTING WITH GRANDMA.
It's all black...
I WASN'T ABLE TO GO TO THE FIRE-WORKS DISPLAY, YOU SEE.

ALRIGHT, SORA-SAN, WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE POOL TODAY!

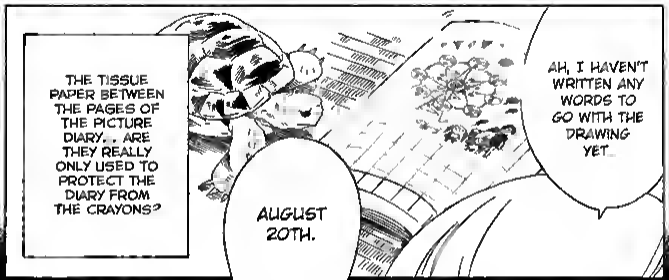
WE'RE GOING TO THE AMUSE-MENT PARK! LET'S GO!
WAHHH!

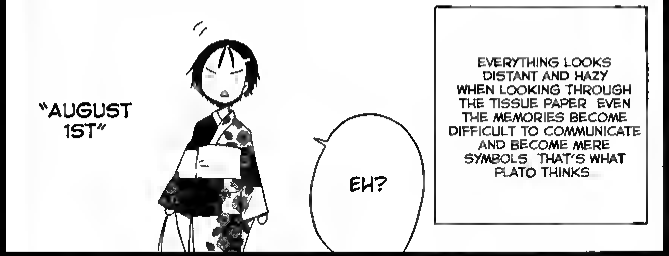
LET'S GO SO YOU CAN WRITE A GOOD DIARY ENTRY!
AH!
IF YOU'RE GONNA MAKE MEMORIES, MIGHT AS WELL MAKE HAPPY ONES!

DON'T WORRY.
HOW WILL WE GET THERE?!
BUT... BUT THE AMUSEMENT PARK IS REALLY FAR, ALICE-SAN!
AT TIMES LIKE THESE, WE KNOW WHAT TO DO
WE JUST NEED TO INTENTLY PRAY FOR GUIDANCE
PLEASE TAKE US TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK...
...GOD!
!?


You know...
Some people refer to such behaviour as intimidation.

Whoaaa
So colourful!
WHOOSH
TODAY'S EVENTFUL ENTRY HAS TURNED THE DIARY SO COLOURFUL, PLATO
THE COLOURFUL CRAYON ALSO GOT ON THE TISSUE PAPER...
FLIP


THE TISSUE PAPER BETWEEN THE PAGES OF THE PICTURE DIARY... ARE THEY REALLY ONLY USED TO PROTECT THE DIARY FROM THE CRAYONS?
AUGUST 20TH.
AH, I HAVEN'T WRITTEN ANY WORDS TO GO WITH THE DRAWING YET...

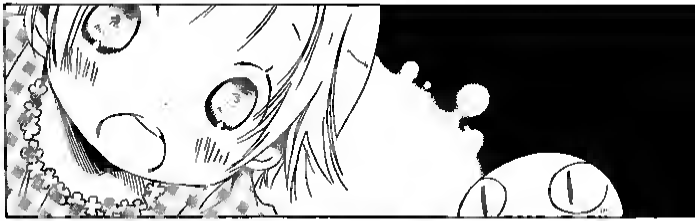

"AUGUST 1ST"
EH?
EVERYTHING LOOKS DISTANT AND HAZY WHEN LOOKING THROUGH THE TISSUE PAPER. EVEN THE MEMORIES BECOME DIFFICULT TO COMMUNICATE AND BECOME MERE SYMBOLS. THAT'S WHAT PLATO THINKS...

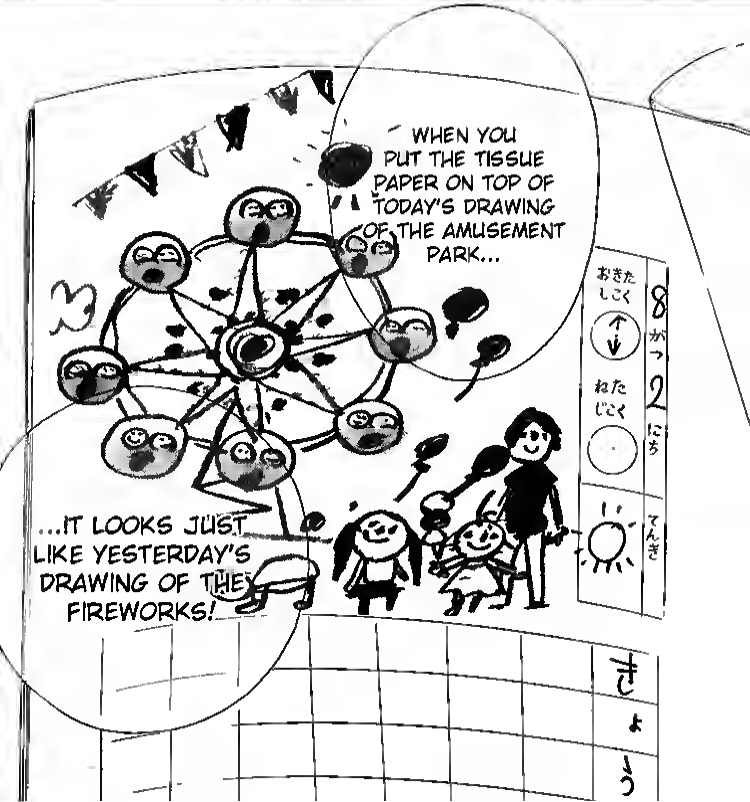
EH?
Big Sis #1
Big Sis #2
"SORA-SAN CAN'T GO."
SORA-SAN, YOU'RE NOT GOING?
boom...
"DURING THE NIGHT, THERE WERE BOOMING SOUNDS COMING FROM FARAWAY."
SORA, YOU AREN'T GOING TO THE FESTIVAL?
Sora-san needs to housesit
"THERE'S A FESTIVAL TODAY."

AHH,
WE CAN HEAR THE FIREWORKS FROM HERE.
"BUT THE SOUNDS WERE COMING FROM ABOVE, SO I FIGURED IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE HEARTBEAT OF A HUGE CREATURE."
"AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS MY OWN HEARTBEAT."
FIRE-WORKS?
YES. FIREWORKS.
THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY IS SO GROUND. WE CAN HEAR IT ALL THE WAY OVER HERE.
boom
"I HEARD THIS ONCE:
IF A PERSON CAN HEAR THEIR OWN HEARTBEAT, IT CALMS THEM DOWN."
"SOMETIMES, I CAN HEAR MY OWN HEART THUMPING. THE SOUND OF FIREWORKS WERE SIMILAR TO THE SOUND OF MY HEARTBEAT. THAT'S WHAT SORA THINKS."

"THINKING OF THE NIGHT SKY AS THE HUGE CREATURE MADE IT REALLY FUN."
"MAYBE EVERYONE LIKES THE FIREWORKS BECAUSE IT SOUNDS THE SAME AS THEIR HEARTBEATS."
DONE!
Ah!
LOOK, SORA, LOOK!
Wow!
YESTERDAY'S FIREWORKS DISPLAY MADE IT INTO THE PAPER!

THAT'S AMAZING, PLATO...




WHEN YOU PUT THE TISSUE PAPER ON TOP OF TODAY'S DRAWING OF THE AMUSEMENT PARK...
...IT LOOKS JUST LIKE YESTERDAY'S DRAWING OF THE FIREWORKS!
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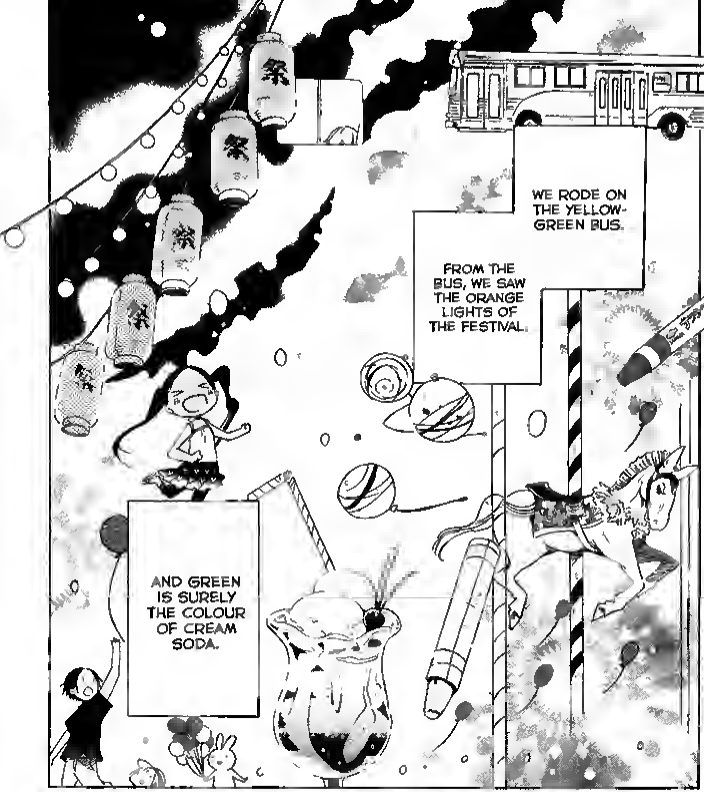
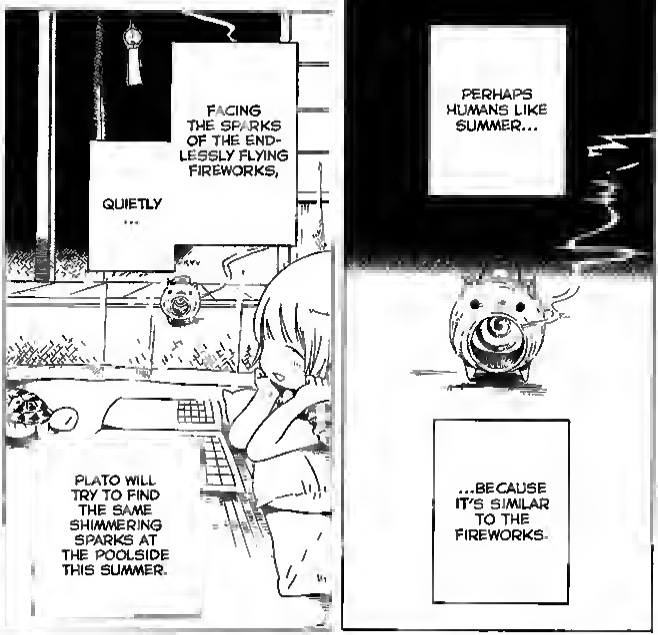
PLATO CAN SEE IT AS WELL. IT REALLY DOES LOOK LIKE FIREWORKS.
EVEN IF THE TISSUE PAPER CAN ONLY ABSORB THE COLOURS OF THE CRAYONS,
IT CAN STILL CONVEY THE MEMORIES FROM THE DRAWINGS AND WORDS FROM THE DIARY


WE RODE ON THE YELLOW-GREEN BUS.
FROM THE BUS, WE SAW THE ORANGE LIGHTS OF THE FESTIVAL.
AND GREEN IS SURELY THE COLOUR OF CREAM SODA.

THE FRAGMENTS OF THESE MEMORIES ARE BURNED INTO OUR MINDS LIKE A SPARK, AND THUMPS STEADILY WITHIN OUR CHESTS


FACING THE SPARKS OF THE END-LESSLY FLYING FIREWORKS,
QUIETLY ...
PLATO WILL TRY TO FIND THE SAME SHIMMERING SPARKS AT THE POOLSIDE THIS SUMMER.
PERHAPS HUMANS LIKE SUMMER...
...BECAUSE IT'S SIMILAR TO THE FIREWORKS.

"Colours speak all languages."

—Joseph Addison (1672-1719)